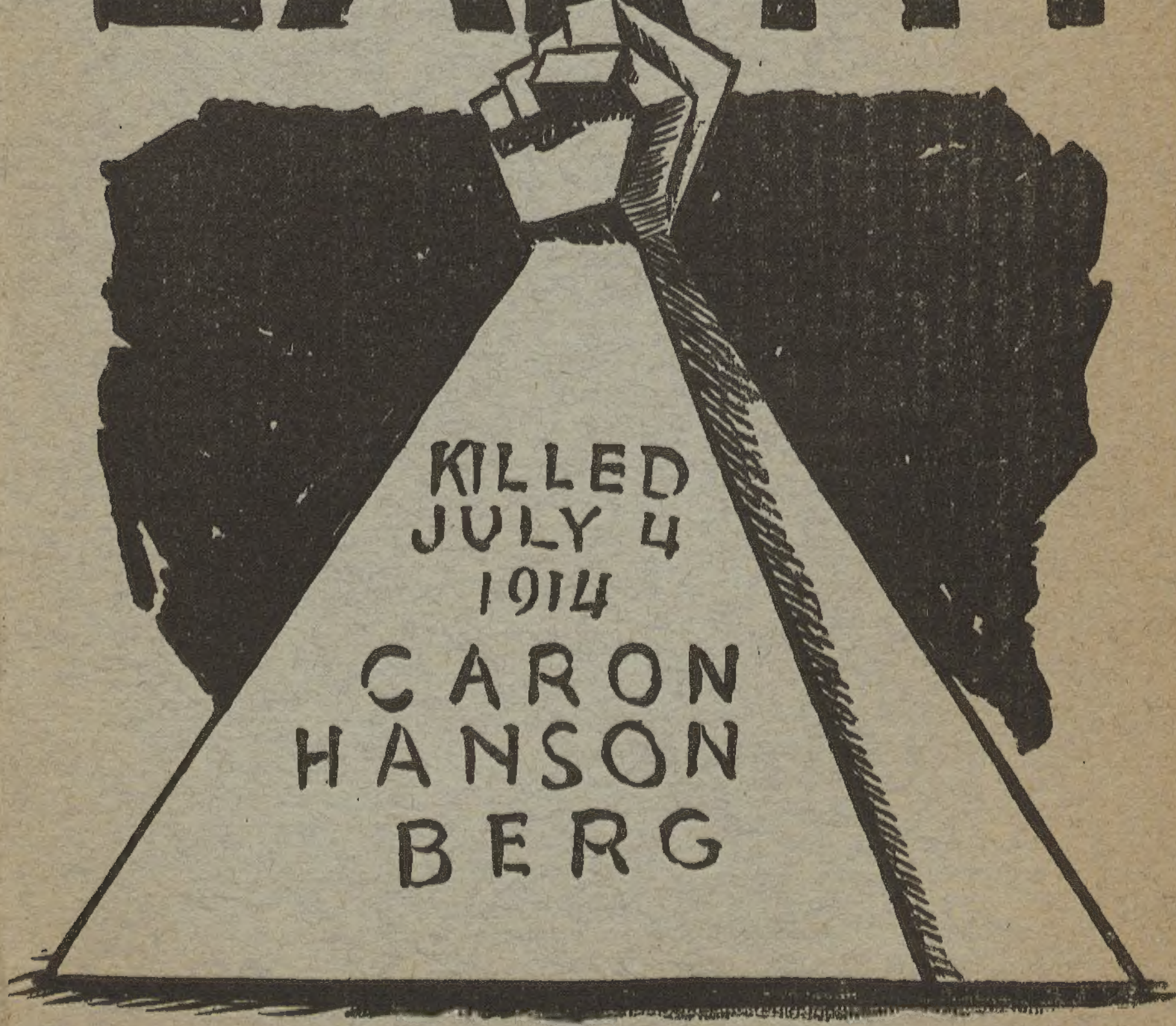
MOTHER EARTH



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Vol. IX **JULY, 1914** **No. 5**

TO OUR MARTYRED DEAD

Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson

By ADOLF WOLFF

The mammoth beast whose name is Ignorance
And all its brood of venom-spitting cubs
In chorus hiss and howl their hellish glee
Over the death of our martyred comrades.

But in this world can greater glory be
Than to be hated by the powers of darkness?
To be misunderstood and crucified
Has ever been the fate of those who fought
The fight of light against the powers of darkness.

Ye hordes of knaves and fools, the day will come
When your descendants, shamed to call you sires,
Will raise a monument unto these men
Over whose torn remains you sneering gloat.

THE LEXINGTON EXPLOSION

JULY 4th, 1914, is a date that will have its own place hereafter in the Revolutionary Calendar. It is the day on which Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson were killed by a terrific explosion of dynamite in their apartment at 1626 Lexington Avenue, New York. A cloud of mystery hangs over the catastrophe which will probably never be dissipated. If, as is frequently suggested, Caron, Berg and Hanson were constructing a bomb which they intended to use in Tarrytown or against the Rockefellers, they did not communicate their intention to their friends. Charges and counter-charges have been hurled back and forth. Newspapers all over the country have devoted countless columns to the affair. All that is known for certain is that the explosion took place, and that our three comrades and a woman, Mrs. Marie Chavez, were instantly killed.

1626 Lexington Avenue is a tenement house, situated in a thickly populated district. At the point on the avenue where the house is situated, there is a steep incline. Next to the house is a Lutheran Church. The explosion took place a little after nine o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. Lexington Avenue and the adjoining streets were crowded with men, women and children on their way to seashore or park to spend the holiday, when suddenly there was a crash like that of a broadside from a battleship. The three upper floors of the house were wrecked. The roof was shattered into fragments. Debris showered into the street and over neighboring roofs. The fire escapes and ironwork on the front of the building were twisted and torn out of place, and ceilings, walls and stairways of the apartments on the three upper floors tumbled down as if in an earthquake. So great was the force of the explosion that articles of furniture were blown hundreds of feet into the air, some of the wreckage landing on the tops of houses more than a block away. A rain of glass crashed to the street from hundreds of broken windows.

Not more than fifty of the total of one hundred and fifty occupants of the tenement were in it at the time it was wrecked. Men, women and children were penned

in, and their voices could be heard above the din. Many were badly bruised. Seven men and women had to be taken to the hospital. In the wreckage of the upper floor was found the body of Marie Chavez and the terribly mutilated body of Hanson. Berg's body was torn to pieces, and fell in part on the roof of the church near by. Caron's body was thrown out on to a fire escape. It was not badly mutilated, and death was probably due to a fracture of the skull.

Police Activities in Connection with the Explosion.

Louise Berger, half-sister of Carl Hanson, and one of the occupants of the doomed apartment, was not in the house at the time of the explosion. Michael Murphy, who had slept in the apartment and was still sleeping at the time of the explosion, had a miraculous escape. His bed dropped to a lower floor. Half-dazed, he was taken from his bed to the neighboring police station in East 104th Street, and there he identified the body of Caron. He was given clothes and released. Then he communicated the news of the disaster to Alexander Berkman. Berkman told him to go to a picnic that Leonard Abbott was giving to radical friends at his bungalow in Westfield, New Jersey, on that day. Murphy started for Westfield, but later disappeared. It is believed by those who were in his confidence that he was ignorant of the cause of the explosion.

Louise Berger, when questioned by the police, declared that she knew of everything that was in the apartment, and that she could swear that nowhere in it was there any dynamite or other explosive. "I left the house at nine o'clock," she said, "and there was nothing wrong then. I went to the MOTHER EARTH office, and it was while I was there with Mr. Berkman that the news came that the place had been wrecked and Caron and the others killed."

Berkman was next put on the grill, and he was kept there for more than an hour. Cool and suave, he smilingly answered all questions. "Do you know whether or not any person with whom you are associated in the Ferrer Association, or any other organization, has made threats to injure any person or persons?" he was asked.

"I certainly do not," Berkman replied.

"Did you attend a meeting at the Ferrer Association rooms last night?"

"Yes."

"What was the reason of that meeting?"

"To discuss the defense of the persons who are to be placed on trial in Tarrytown the coming week."

"Was Caron there?"

"Yes, Caron was there."

"Were Berg and Murphy and Hanson there?"

"Yes."

"Who else?"

"Those who had been arrested in Tarrytown and are now out on bail were there. Also I remember that Miss Rebecca Edelsohn, Pastorella, Secunda, Frank Mandese, Aufricht, Harry Wilkes, Maurice Rudome, Charles Plunkett, and perhaps some others were there."

"Did you discuss the possibility of taking action of a violent sort against any one?"

"Most assuredly not. It was simply a meeting to discuss the defense of the prisoners and those who are out on bail."

"Was there any talk of bombs?"

"No, of course not."

"Did you know there were any explosives in the apartment occupied by Caron and the others?"

"I did not, and do not know it yet."

Repudiation of Our Dead Comrades by the I. W. W.

Spokesmen for the I. W. W. were quick to disclaim all connection with Caron and his associates, and with any propaganda involving violence. Joseph J. Ettor declared that Caron was not a member of the I. W. W., and that he had been refused membership because he was out of work. "The I. W. W.," he said, "does not approve of dynamiting or setting off bombs. We have been accused of violence, but the charges were false."

To this Carlo Tresca replied:

"I want to express my unqualified protest against the statement made by J. J. Ettor disclaiming Arthur Caron as a member of the I. W. W. and condemning violence in the name of the organization.

"I want to stamp Ettor's statement as false, entirely uncalled for and cowardly.

"To my best knowledge Arthur Caron was a member of the I. W. W., Unemployed Local No. 1, organized by the I. W. W. during the unemployed movement of several months ago.

"So far as I know Caron lately called himself an Anarchist, but that did not preclude his also being a member of the I. W. W., because the latter organization accepts every working man, irrespective of color, creed or political affiliation.

"It was stupid of Ettor to say that Caron was refused membership in the I. W. W. because he was not working. The Unemployed Local was especially organized for unemployed workingmen. Besides, Ettor himself is out of work at present. Does he therefore cease to be a member of the I. W. W.?

"Moreover, Ettor has no right to speak in the name of the organization as to what it does or does not believe, especially in the matter of violence. These questions are decided by the conventions. The last convention, for instance, voted in favor of the general strike, the intermittent strike and sabotage.

"As to the Lexington Avenue explosion, it is possible that agents of Rockefeller were responsible for it, perhaps in order to revenge themselves upon Caron, or that Arthur Caron himself manufactured the infernal machine for purposes of propaganda or to avenge the brutalities practiced upon him by the New York and the Tarrytown police.

"If the latter be the case, I admire his courage and spirit, because it shows that he was not the man who can be trampled upon with impunity.

"When people get 'cold feet' and rush into print at the least sign of danger and repudiate violence, like Ettor, then I want to go on record—like my comrade Alexander Berkman—that under certain circumstances I favor violence."

The Claiming of the Bodies.

Berkman announced on July 6th that he regarded Caron, Berg and Hanson as Anarchist martyrs, and he proposed that they be given a public funeral in Union Square, the historic meeting place of the working-class and radical elements in New York City. The proposal

was greeted with enthusiasm by the friends of the dead men and with consternation on the side of the city authorities. At a moment when Anarchism, in many minds, was under a shadow and its exponents were the objects of the vilest abuse, Berkman's plan electrified the whole community. Berg's body was identified by his brother; Caron's body was identified by his mother and sister, who came on from Fall River, Mass., as soon as they read of his death; but in both cases the relatives surrendered the bodies in recognition of the appropriateness of a public funeral in Union Square under Anarchist auspices. Berkman's plan provided for a funeral procession through the streets of the city, to be followed by memorial speeches over the coffins in the Square.

Suppression of the Funeral by the Police.

As soon as the police and city authorities heard of Berkman's plan, they took steps to defeat it. Police Commissioner Woods said he would not permit any one to make martyrs of the dead men. He also said that he would not permit a parade. The city fathers were so worried that they suspended their usual business to pass unanimously an ordinance giving the Police Commissioner power to suppress parades or processions of the kind that Berkman proposed. Mayor Mitchel discussed the whole situation with Police Commissioner Woods, City Chamberlain Bruere, Tax Commissioner Mullan and Health Commisioner Goldwater. In conformity with their united wisdom, Dr. Goldwater forbade the holding of the bodies until the following Saturday—the day on which it had been decided that the funeral demonstration should be held. If the bodies were held by the undertaker, he said, a moment later than 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, July 8th, they would be seized by the city and buried in Potter's Field. Vigorous protests were made against this arbitrary decision, but, under the circumstances, there was no possibility of reversing it. Cremation of the bodies of our comrades was agreed upon.

The Cremation.

On the morning of July 8th, a party of thirty or forty came to the Morgue in East 23rd Street to claim the bodies. A pitiful figure on this occasion was Louise

Berger, with face tense and pale, supported by Rebecca Edelsohn on one side and by V. Campanelli on the other. The members of the party had red carnations, and wore black and red bands on their arms. All formed in line and walked to the room where lay two unpainted coffins, one with the body of Caron and the other with the remains of Berg and Hanson. The undertaker uncovered Caron's face, and the mourners filed past. Miss Berger dropped a red carnation with her tears into the box, and from all sides the red badge of blood-brotherhood fell into the coffin. A few moments later, the bodies were put into two hearses and started toward the East 34th Street ferry. The party followed. Lillian Rubio, fourteen years old, daughter of Joseph Rubio, clung to her father's arm and looked pityingly back into the weeping face of Louise Berger.

A long journey to Fresh Pond Crematory, in Middle Village, Long Island, followed. The coffins were brought into the chapel of the crematory. The organist played, by request, the Marseillaise. The only emblem of religion was the lectern.

"Comrades, friends and sympathizers," said Berkman, standing beside the lectern, but carefully abstaining from touching it, "we have with us the remains of our comrades and we consider that the occasion of their death requires a service that shall have a public character. The memorial will be public because our comrades were interested in work of a public nature—that of bettering the human race. Whatever was the cause of their premature death it requires a memorial.

"The public funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Only the personal friends have been invited to attend the cremation. The ashes will be delivered to-morrow at the offices of MOTHER EARTH and be kept on view until Saturday noon, when they will be taken in a procession down Fifth avenue to Union Square, where eulogies will be delivered. The causes of their deaths, the social significance of their lives and the lesson to be drawn from their deaths will be enlarged upon."

Once more the coffin of Caron was opened and the body viewed. The coffins were taken out while the revolutionary music pealed again, and a moment later doors

were opened, displaying the incineration room, with the coffins slowly gliding toward the furnaces. Only a sigh from one of the women broke the silence, and then every one was invited to where the coffins could be seen through the open doors of the furnaces. A match was applied to the jets in the ovens and flames licked the pine boxes. The furnace doors were closed and all filed out.

Further Discrimination by the Authorities.

Plans for a parade and public funeral at which the ashes of Caron, Berg and Hanson should be displayed in urns of appropriate design, were still carried forward. But the attitude of the city authorities became so menacing that the idea had to be given up. Berkman issued on July 11th the following statement:

"In view of the evident discrimination of the authorities against us in the matter of forcing us to remove the bodies, though we hold that there were good reasons for keeping them as there was incomplete identification and lack of various parts of bodies, and also in view of the police determination to prevent our planned dignified and impressive funeral procession, the Anti-Militarist League and Mother Earth Association, under whose auspices the memorial demonstration is to take place, have decided to abandon the funeral procession because we do not want to precipitate any violence at the present time, however justified indignant resentment on our part may be. Our sole purpose is to pay fitting tribute to our dead comrades. We will concentrate all our efforts on our memorial demonstration at Union Square."

The Union Square Demonstration.

The funeral demonstration, which took place on Saturday, July 11th, was the most impressive of its kind ever held in America. Eighteen or twenty thousand people participated. Among the organizations represented were: Anti-Militarist League, Mother Earth Publishing Association, International Anarchist Communist Federation of America, Francisco Ferrer Association of Brownsville, Friends of Art and Education, Group Germinal of Brooklyn, Anarchist Federation of Brooklyn, Spanish Group Juventad, Italian

Group Pensiero de l'Azione, Italian Ferrer Association of the Bronx, Group Avanti of Brooklyn. Many members of the Francisco Ferrer Association of New York, including its organizer, Joseph J. Cohen, were present, but the organization was not represented officially. Frank Cancillieri was a delegate from the United Italian Anarchist groups. Joseph Rubio represented the Spanish Marine and Transport Workers. Anarchist sympathizers and delegates came from Philadelphia, Paterson, Newark, Passaic, Hoboken, Trenton, Albany and other cities. Girls passed through the crowd selling literature and red carnations. Crimson banners fluttered over the heads of the people. Some of the inscriptions displayed were: "You Did Not Die in Vain," "We Mourn Our Comrades," "Those Who Die for a Cause Never Die—Their Spirit Walks Abroad," "With Present System for Misery, With Revolution for Happiness, Where Do You Stand?" "What Do We Fight For? Liberty and Happiness for Man, Woman and Child," "Capitalism the Evil, Anarchism the Remedy," "You Want to Do Away with Violence? Do Away with Capital and Government that Provoke and Breed Violence." Music for the occasion was supplied by H. Spielberg and his band, who played the Marseillaise, the Hymn of the International, Chopin's Funeral March, and two selections from David Edelstadt's revolutionary songs. The crowd joined in the singing, and strains of song were carried far over the Square.

The speakers' platform, shadowed by the red banners and almost buried under wreaths and floral offerings, presented a magnificent appearance. One of the floral pieces was in the shape of a pyramid, and carried the words: "Caron, Hanson and Berg, Soldiers of the Revolution." Berkman opened the meeting and acted as chairman. He was hailed by one of the speakers of the afternoon as "a new Bakunin." The speakers in English were: Leonard D. Abbott, Rebecca Edelsohn, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Dave Sullivan and Charles R. Plunkett. Carlo Tresca and Pietro Allegri spoke in Italian; I. Tempkin in Jewish.

Alexander Berkman's Opening Address

Comrades, Friends and Sympathizers: We have come here this afternoon, not to mourn any calamity, but to pay our homage to three comrades whom we consider martyrs to the cause of humanity. This is not an occasion for mourning. Indeed, quite the contrary is perhaps the case, because our comrades may have proved—for all we know—that there are still men in the labor movement who will not stand quietly by when they themselves or other workers are persecuted, oppressed and maltreated. We hold that our Comrades Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson died either martyrs to the cause of labor, or victims of the capitalist class.

What were the circumstances under which our three comrades met their tragic deaths? Two possibilities there are. One of them is that our friends were directly murdered by the enemy, perhaps by agents of the Rockefellers. I should not in the least be surprised if that is so, because the Rockefellers have committed many murders; they would not stop at anything to add a few more coldblooded crimes to the long list of which they are guilty. And if our comrades have died as a result of the hatred of the capitalist class, then I say that they were indeed martyrs to the cause of labor, for they were murdered because of their loyalty, their devotion and effective work in behalf of the working class of this country.

There is another possibility, and that is that our friends had themselves prepared the infernal machine, bomb, or whatever it was. And, of course, if that is the case, then I am quite sure that they did so with the intention of using it upon the enemy. The facts so far do not prove either the one supposition or the other; but if the latter be correct, then their death as a result of a perhaps premature explosion lies at the door of that iniquitous social system of capitalism which had brought our comrades to the point where persecution, tyranny and oppression drove them to the climax of resisting by the might of dynamite. If society has forced our friends to resist oppression with violence, then capitalist society is guilty of creating the spirit which can find expression only in such violent methods. Therefore, whatever the actual

facts, our comrades are either victims of capitalism or they are martyrs to the cause of labor and of humanity in general.

I want to go on record here to-day as saying that I prefer to believe that our comrades were not victims, in the sense of having been killed as the result of a conspiracy of the enemy. I want to go on record as saying that I hope our comrades had themselves prepared the bomb, intending to use it upon the enemy. Why do I say this? Because I believe, and firmly believe, that the oppression of labor in this country, the persecution of the radical elements especially, has reached a point where nothing but determined resistance will do any good. And I believe with all my heart in resistance to tyranny on every and all occasions. It was a great American who said that the tree of liberty must be watered now and then by the blood of tyrants. That holds good to-day as it did a hundred years ago. When workers are shot down for demanding better conditions of living, when their women and children are slaughtered and burned alive, then I say that it is time for labor to quit talking and to begin to act.

My sentiments in regard to labor at large and the methods that the workers must pursue to achieve final emancipation, apply also to the occasions of everyday life. Pertaining to this particular occasion, I want to say that since the authorities have suppressed our funeral procession, by which we intended in a dignified manner to pay honor to our dead, the question naturally arises why we did not resist that suppression, why we did not parade in spite of the prohibition of the authorities. I am going to tell you why, and I want to be quite frank with you and speak to you from my heart as man to man. I am going to say on this public platform just what I would say in private. And that is this: as soon as we are ready to resist oppression and invasion on the part of the police, just so soon we will do it. If we don't resist them with our full might on this occasion it is because, first, we consider this monster memorial demonstration far more important than any funeral procession, and secondly, because we don't intend to do the things which the police expect us to do or when they expect us to do

them. We are always ready to stand up for our principles and ideas, to fight for them to the very limit of our possibilities, and to pay with our lives, if necessary, in order to assert the rights of the individual and the rights of the working class of this country. If we have abandoned the procession, it was only because we yielded, for the present, to superior physical force on the part of the enemy. But we do not mean to yield all the time.

We hold that labor in this country has been degraded to the point where the average workingman is a mere wage-slave, with no rights and no opportunities, and that his only chance of defending himself against the aggression of his exploiters and against the tyranny of the State and National governments lies in his determination to fight, in his consciousness of his economic strength, and in his power to organize a tremendous movement whose slogan will be direct action, with its final purpose, the general strike. And while we are advancing toward this most desired culmination, while we are approaching the Social Revolution, there will always be individuals, more intelligent, more determined and daring than the rest, eager to pave the way by acts of individual devotion and sacrifice. Therefore I say that there is that second possibility, that our Comrades Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson were such devoted and brave individuals out of the large mass who were determined to show an example to labor by resisting to the full extent of their ability the exploitation, the oppression and the persecution of the capitalist class. As such I acclaim them the conscious, brave and determined spokesmen of the working class, and I call upon you, friends and fellow workers, for three cheers for our dead comrades.

Leonard D. Abbott's Speech.

Leonard D. Abbott, head of the Ferrer School and of the Free Speech League, was the second speaker. He said:

I have come this afternoon, not to eulogize the dead, but to explain them and to analyze their social significance. We are staging here a tragedy in which the mutilated bodies of Caron, Berg and Hanson are but an incident. Behind them is a background as broad as the world. We cannot understand these men

and their lives and their deaths unless we also understand something of the social struggle that has produced them and that at the present moment is raging in every country. The fight to overthrow the horrors of Russian autocracy; the struggle of the unemployed in New York to get work, food and shelter; the death-cries of miners and their women and children massacred by the hired gunmen of capitalists in Colorado; the throttled voices of men and women who tried to tell of these things in Tarrytown and to call the richest man in the world to account for his crimes—are all related to these friends of ours who died so terrible a death last week.

All three of our dead were workingmen. Berg and Hanson were carpenters. Caron was a machinist. All had taken an active part in revolutionary and labor movements. Berg and Hanson were Lithuanians by birth, and participated in the great social upheaval that shook Russia in 1905 and that resulted in the capture of several cities by the revolutionists. Following the suppression of the revolution, they came to this country, where they have shown themselves as zealous as they were in their native land in their devotion to social ideals and to the cause of working class emancipation.

Caron was an American; he had aboriginal Indian blood in his veins. His first taste of industrial life was in a cotton mill in Fall River, Massachusetts, and doubtless what he experienced there influenced his first protests against the existing factory system and encouraged his first hopes of a better and a more humane social order. Later, he became an engineer and machinist. His work took him to the West Indies and to France, and he earned good wages; but his rebellious, restless spirit made it impossible for him to settle down to a conventional life. He was ever a fighter, and he fought for his class, not for his own personal advantage. His growing interest in the labor movement and in the advancement of radical ideas led in his case, as in the case of so many other generous and ardent spirits, to economic insecurity. He married, but his family life was sacrificed to the Cause. He

was arrested and thrown into prison as a strike leader. When he came to New York and took an active part in the unemployed agitation last March, he was himself a member of the unemployed. He found satisfying self-expression in that movement, and spent much of his time speaking at open-air meetings. When Frank Tanenbaum led his army of unemployed to St. Alphonsus Church asking for food and shelter, Caron was one of the men who followed and one of the men who was arrested. During the subsequent week he spent in prison, he was the soul of a group, energizing and inspiring his comrades and holding them up to what he conceived to be a spirit worthy of revolutionists. His release from jail found him once more in the thick of the fight. When Joe O'Carroll was set upon and brutally "beaten up" by the police in Union Square on April 4th, Caron leapt to the rescue. His nose was broken by a police club. He was thrown into a police wagon, with face bleeding and brain reeling. Then he was beaten into insensibility.

Released from jail, for the second time, a few days later, he heard the appalling news of the massacre of the miners and their women and children in the Ludlow tent colony, Colorado. It ran through his consciousness like a flame, and he became an active participant in every effort to fasten the responsibility for this crime on the Rockefellers, father and son. He co-operated with Upton Sinclair in his "mourning parade" before the offices of the Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway. He pushed the anti-Rockefeller campaign uptown; "picketed" the Rockefeller's private residence and Calvary Church; and finally carried his protest to the very gates of the Rockefeller home in Pocantico Hills. Then he attempted to hold a public meeting in Tarrytown, and when he was refused a permit, he persisted in speaking. He was arrested once more, but nothing could quench his spirit.

My last memory of Caron is connected with the night of June 22nd, on which he and forty others went to Tarrytown and tried to speak on the aqueduct property. An immense crowd of hostile villagers

hurled filth and insults at him. He was not afraid of their filth and he cast their insults back in their faces. A stone struck him full in the mouth, and the red blood gushed in such quantity that he could not stanch it. He spoke until he was exhausted, his fresh young voice ringing out above all the din.

This is the kind of man that Arthur Caron was. And as I speak of him a picture inevitably presents itself to me. On one side, I see a young workingman, the champion of the exploited and the disinherited, pouring out his life's blood in a struggle for the emancipation of his class. And on the other side, I see the richest man in the world passive while hired gunmen and soldiers train cannon on a tent colony of his striking miners, massacre their wives and children, and set fire to the tents.

Whether Arthur Caron and his friends decided to resort to violence, I do not know. But if they did, are they to be blamed? Let him that is without the spirit of resistance to tyranny and outrage cast the first stone. If Caron decided to employ violence upon his enemies and upon the enemies of his class, he did so only after he had exhausted peaceable methods. If he came to the conclusion that violence was necessary, he was driven to it by the treatment he received in Tarrytown and by police brutality, not by any advice from others, nor by any books, nor by any teachings. There is no effect without a cause. If men of generous and ardent minds are driven to the manufacture of dynamite bombs as a remedy for the wrongs under which they suffer, there must be something fundamentally wrong with our social system.

And there **IS** something fundamentally wrong, as every serious man admits. A society in which extreme luxury and extreme poverty are the normal condition; in which hundreds of thousands of men seek, but cannot find, employment; in which the most industrious are often the poorest; in which we see every day suicides caused by poverty; in which we see prostitution flaring at every street corner—stands self-condemned and carries within itself the germs of every kind of pathological expression.

I have been asked whether, in view of the deaths of Caron, Berg and Hanson, the fight for free speech and for other kinds of free expression will go on. My reply is that it will go on more vigorously than ever, and that no argument for its continuance could be so powerful as that suggested by these very deaths. If Caron and his comrades had been allowed the normal avenues of expression, they would still be living men. The real danger lies always in suppression, not in expression. Some day, we shall learn to welcome new ideas, not to suppress them. And these ideas will flower in acts of revolt and of social reconstruction until the time when the disappearance of authority shall permit men to organize freely according to their choice; until the time when each shall receive the full product of his labor, and the brutal disharmonies of our present social order, such as led to the deaths of our friends, will seem as unreal as nightmares.

Rebecca Edelsohn's Speech.

Rebecca Edelsohn, comrade of Caron and Berg in the Tarrytown fight and in White Plains jail, spoke next. She said:

Comrades, Friends and Sympathizers: We gather here to-day in memory of our dead Comrades Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson. This is not a day for either mourning or rejoicing; it is a day for deep thinking. As the previous speakers have said, we do not know what was the actual cause of the death of our comrades. But this we do know: whatever the cause of their death, whether they died at the hands of the enemy or because of the premature explosion of a bomb, they died in the interest of the working class. Therefore they are our comrades, no matter what the cause of their death.

It is a day for deep thinking, because we want to know why, in either case, our comrades should have had to die so young. If they were killed by the enemy, why were *they* picked out by the enemy? If they died because of a premature explosion, what was it that forced them to give their lives in exchange for getting a few more liberties for the rest of humanity? And I want to know why it is that in the twentieth century men, sensitive men

and women, can be so goaded on by oppression that they are forced to retaliate with violence.

What is there in our system, what is there in our social cancer, that forces men to endanger their lives, even give up their lives in the first bloom of youth? If it was a premature explosion, then it is not our comrades that we must be ashamed of: it is society at large that should be ashamed, society that forces the best men and women to forfeit their lives in order to gain a few more liberties.

Comrade Leonard Abbott has given a brief history of the life of one of the three that died, Arthur Caron. The other two, although they were silent workers in the cause of their class, were nevertheless just as important as the speakers and the agitators. They did their share quietly, and they were just as willing to sacrifice their lives.

The kept press talks about the violence committed by our comrades. But consider: every day that the capitalist system is in existence, it is perpetuated by violence; and that is the only way that is manages to hold its own. They talk about violence! What about the massacre in Ludlow? What about the Triangle fire? What about the thousands and thousands of victims in the factories who are daily crippled and maimed or killed in explosions in the subway, railways and mines? Talk about violence! What about the thousands of boys who are enlisted in the armies, sent to murder or be murdered before they realize the significance of joining the army? Talk about violence! Where are the Rockefellers, who are guilty of the slaughters committed in Ludlow? Why doesn't the prostitute press talk about *their* violence? Because they are kept by just these Rockefellers and the rest of the rotten fellows that uphold this capitalist system. Oh, don't let us hear any more twaddle about violence. All the violence that has been committed by the labor movement since the dawn of history wouldn't equal one day of violence committed by the capitalist class to keep itself in power.

Another thing. I want to say that it's about time the working class came out frankly and openly and said, "Yes, we believe in violence. We will use violence whenever it is necessary to use it. We are not afraid of what

your kept press says; and when we are murdered and cannonaded, when you train your machine guns on us, we will retaliate with dynamite." And I hope that the day is not distant when the working class will say, "We are not afraid of using violence. Every hour that we work in the factory we are kept there by violence, because we are forced to live under your rotten capitalist system." I know that a great many near-radicals and pink-tea revolutionists, whenever they hear the word violence or dynamite, somehow manage to have their white corpuscles get the better of their red corpuscles. But the real revolutionists are not afraid of the word violence, nor even of the word dynamite, because, as Albert Parsons so appropriately said in his famous speech before the court, "Dynamite is the equalizer of all men; and all the authorities and everyone else are helpless and powerless against the power of dynamite."

I hope that past occasions when acts of violence were committed, will not be duplicated this time. I hope that every workingman will feel proud that Arthur Caron and Charles Berg and Carl Hanson were workingmen and their fellow-brothers, and they will acknowledge them and from the very housetops proclaim, "They are our comrades and we are proud of them." In conclusion I repeat: Don't be afraid of violence, when the violence is on the side of the laboring class. The only thing is: use it when you have the power and when you have enough of it.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's Speech.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who since the Paterson strike has been in bad health, was greeted enthusiastically by the crowd. Her address follows:

Fellow-workers and Friends: I have come here this afternoon not as a representative of the I. W. W., but as a single individual member of the working class. I have come here because I believe the time has gone by when men should be condemned by newspapers and by their public enemies. Times have progressed mightily in the United States since 1886, and today we demand from the accusers of those men who died, just as clear a bill

of particulars as if they were alive and under arrest. When a man is accused of anything he is given the benefit of the doubt, and his innocence is relied upon until he is established guilty. But it seems that in this particular case, because a man is dead, he has no chance of a public trial. So we are here to-day as the court of public opinion; we are here to-day as the grand jury of the working class, to decide whether or not a case has been really established against our dead fellow-workers.

Arthur Caron has been signaled out by the newspapers because he was prominent in the unemployed agitation in this city. Arthur Caron received during the unemployed agitation two very strong impressions. One was when he was clubbed here on Union Square—not by the police, as has been stated, but by detectives, who threw him first into an automobile, and while two of them held him, two others clubbed him. He received the second strong impression when at the end of the unemployed agitation the massacre of Ludlow occurred. Of course there are many others who received the same impression. There are some who received absolutely no impression. And one of these was the beloved Sunday school teacher John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Rockefeller gave $5,000 to the Better Baby movement in New York City, but Mr. Rockefeller stands condemned in the eyes of 32,000,000 working people in this country as a hirer of murderers, as the man who paid for the guns that shot up the Ludlow colony, as the man who, secure within his castle in Tarrytown, sent forth the order: "There will be no *lése majeste* in Tarrytown. My name shall not be taken in vain on the streets of the town that belongs to me." So, Arthur Caron received the second impression when he was arrested in Tarrytown, and again when he said on the platform, "I am an American citizen," and they clubbed him and they beat him and they struck him in the mouth with a rock.

Comrade Berkman has very well stated here to-day that there are two possibilities. One is that these men who died were the victims of a gigantic conspiracy. And I know there are a lot of wise guys in this crowd who smile and who say, "Oh well, they always say that." But

let me call to your mind the fact that this is not the first time dynamite has been discovered by the people who put it there. This is not the first time that there have been such dastardly conspiracies against the cause of labor. And I ask you to remember that during the Lawrence strike sufficient dynamite was planted in the heart of the city to blow up the entire city. By a striker? No. By a strike leader? Oh, no. By a prominent citizen, member of the school board, member of the Democratic party, a citizen who was a pillar of society. Yet he was arrested, found guilty and fined $500. Think of it, $500! for planting dynamite in the heart of Lawrence during the strike for the purpose of prejudicing the case against the strikers. That isn't all. In the city of Paterson there were bombs found, plenty of them, but there wasn't a single workingman that could ever be connected up with a single bomb. In other words, the people who found them knew more about them than anybody else. That isn't all. Just a few days ago during the Westinghouse strike in Pittsburgh a gentleman found dynamite outside the home of the owner of the Westinghouse company. Well, a great case was immediately established in the newspapers. There were a couple of detectives who were not quite satisfied, and when they investigated sufficiently they discovered that Mr. Man that found the dynamite was the man that put the dynamite there, and that he had been very well paid for that particular job. Now, when you have this cumulative evidence, what reason is there to take their word, just to take their word that Arthur Caron was responsible for the dynamite? They didn't like him. He was too active in the city of New York. They beat him up once before. That's pretty good evidence that they didn't have any love in their hearts for him. And I want to ask every fair and open-minded person in this crowd to go home to-night and ask himself this question: "Was it not possible for some individual to go into that apartment after Louise Berger had left the house, and plant some dynamite? Was it not possible? And might it not be very probable?"

Now, until the ones who accuse these comrades of bringing dynamite into a crowded tenement house have proved it, it will not be established to my satisfaction.

But suppose they did; I am going to ask you another question, friends. Suppose they resorted to violence; who taught it to them? Who was their teacher? When Arthur Caron came here, a quiet young man looking for a job, was he thinking about dynamite? When Arthur Caron came hungry into the unemployed army and asked for bread, was he thinking about dynamite? When he went into the church and asked for shelter, was he thinking about dynamite? Remember, when he asked for bread, they gave him the blackjack. When he went to Tarrytown and asked to express his feelings about the massacre and tragedy of Ludlow, they gave him stones. If Arthur Caron and the men who were with him resorted to violence, it was the detectives in this city and the mob of Tarrytown who taught them the use of violence. And more than that: if these men had been given a chance to organize, a chance to find some social method of securing what they wanted, bread and speech, there never would have been a chance to suspect them of the use of dynamite.

Now, I am here to say even more than that. Arthur Caron may or may not have been a member of the I. W. W. But I as one member of the I. W. W. am not here to repudiate Arthur Caron. Because I want to call the attention of our friends, the newspaper men, to something that they forget very conveniently. The I. W. W. is a labor organization and it's open just as much to an Anarchist as to a Catholic, as much to a Socialist as to a Republican or a Democrat. A workingman who wants to organize with other workers to better his conditions in the shop, to find a job if he hasn't got one, to bring about a system where unemployment, low wages and long hours will be unheard of—that man is eligible and welcome in the I. W. W. And whatever he might do or whatever he might think in his own private life, the I. W. W. is not responsible for; but the I. W. W. does not repudiate him, either. The I. W. W. was one of the few organizations that, when the McNamaras were thrown to the wolves, said: "Not the McNamaras are the guilty ones; we may not agree with their method, we may consider it was inadvised and inexpedient; but not the McNamaras, but the Association of Iron Manufac-

turers is responsible for this thing." And so I say here, comrades and friends: whatever version you are pleased to take of this tragedy, reserve your condemnation, reserve your repudiation for the system of society that makes these things possible.

Do you suppose that under any decent, happy, well-ordered system of society men would seek recourse to dynamite? Certainly not. And every act of violence that occurs, every act that speaks from a hate as quenchless as our wrongs, is the direct result of the system of society under which we live. And if you want to adequately commemorate the men who died, there is one way to do it: whether you agree with their ideas or not, recognize that they were sincere and that they were self-sacrificing as mighty few of you would be willing to be. But on the other hand, recognize that to adequately and properly commemorate them, you have got to put your shoulder to the wheel, you have got to make up your mind that you are going to work all the harder in your own way: if you believe in political action, in that way; if you believe in direct action, in that way; if you believe in organization, in that way. But whatever way you believe in, make up your mind you are going to put your shoulder to the wheel and do away with the rotten, murderous system of society that makes such things as this not only possible but almost inevitable.

There is one more word, and then I will give way to the others. I am not in a condition to make much of a speech, but I came here because I hope, whatever physical condition I may be in, I am not a coward and I am not afraid. I am not afraid to stand with any man or woman who is fighting the battles of labor. We are going to take up a collection here; or rather not I—the girls are going to take up a collection. Now, you have applauded a whole lot. You always do. You have evinced a great amount of enthusiasm. But do you know that there is a group of poor fellows back here that haven't a cent in the world, but that have had to borrow $500 to stand the funeral expenses of their dead comrades? They are not kicking about $500, but they want to do more than that. They want to put up some kind of fitting memorial to the men who died. And so I have come

here to-day not only to express my sympathy, but to ask you to express yours, in the American way—because money talks in America. We want you to give to a collection for this specific purpose, to help to pay the funeral expenses and to help give some kind of adequate memorial to the men who died, as well as to defend their names and their cause against any lies and any persecution that may arise therefrom. Now, fellow-workers, these girls are going around, and I hope you won't miss them; I am sure they won't miss you. Do as well as you can, but realize that in so doing you are not fulfilling your utmost responsibility. Go home from here to-night sorry for the men who died. Yes. But a whole lot more sorry for the people who are still alive in places like Colorado, in places like Michigan. Determine to help them in their fight. And let us hope that when another ten years comes around, Mr. John D. Rockefeller will be celebrating his 85th birthday, not in Tarrytown in a beautiful mansion, but absolutely stripped of all the ownership that he now has in the lives of workers, stripped of every mortgage he has on the labor of toilers, and compelled to face the world with all its contempt and all its contumely as one individual who has done more to make life miserable for his fellows than any other in the United States.

Fellow-workers, it's sympathy and admiration for the men who died, but it's an absolutely unconquerable determination that we are going to end capitalism, root and branch, that brings us here this afternoon.

Dave Sullivan's Speech.

Dave Sullivan, lately released from thirty days' imprisonment on Hart's Island, inflicted upon him as a result of his activities in Tarrytown, spoke as follows:

Fellow-workers, Comrades, Friends: I can but add a few more words of appreciation to what has already been said in regard to our Comrades Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson. Through my association with these men in the carrying forward of the principles of the Social Revolution, I have come to know them

and to love them for their devotion to an ideal, to a principle, and for their hard work to realize these ideals and principles. There are many theories possible as to how these comrades lost their lives. You have heard several different theories discussed this afternoon. Let us assume that they were killed by an instrument of their own making. Arthur Caron went to Tarrytown and was there arrested and put in the same cell with me. In school he had been taught no doubt that law and order guaranteed to each and every American citizen protection and justice. Yet he had been arrested in Tarrytown charged with obstructing traffic and speaking on the streets. It is a town of twenty thousand people, and at nine o'clock at night you will not see two vehicles pass Fountain Square inside of ten minutes. Yet he "blocked traffic." At the first assembling of the legislature of New York State a measure was passed providing that no law could be so construed as to deny any individual or group of individuals the constitutional right of free assembly, free press and free and unrestricted speech. Having been taught that these laws afforded him protection, he was soon to find that laws were not made for the protection of the workingman. He was soon to find that laws were based on property, and workingmen having no property could obtain no protection from laws that were based on something they didn't have. Is it any wonder, after a clubbing on Union Square, after a demonstration of law in its application to the working class, that he should come to ignore the law? That he should find in the law the oppressor of the working class in every and all instances where there is a class issue at hand? Is there anything to be wondered at in the fact that he had been met with violence on every hand and that he retaliated with the weapon, with the force, that had been used upon him? The men who have the courage to take a stand almost alone against society are not weaklings, and when you oppress them with violence, they, not being weaklings, are going to hand you violence back.

Just so soon as you deny that most human of rights, the right of healthy and free expression, just so soon as you do that, you will get the unhealthy expression, And you can't help it. If you say that these men were killed

by something of their own manufacture, lay the blame at the door of the society or system of society which would allow them no other method of expression. In their death they stand accused of a crime, and that crime is society's shallow accusation. The history of society is the history of their crime. But let us look beyond these men to the background against which they stand, and see that background of truth, noble ideals and principles for which they died. It is noble to work one's life away in the cause of truth, but nobler far to die for truth. And with a full conception of the deeper causes and their true meaning, we will behold Comrades Caron, Berg and Hanson in impressive silhouette against the eastern sky brightening with the dawn of a newer day.

Charles Robert Plunkett's Speech.

One of the most radical speeches of the afternoon was made by Charles Robert Plunkett. He declared frankly that he was "for violence." He said:

Comrades: We are not here to mourn. Caron, Berg and Hanson are dead, but the Social Revolution is alive—more alive than ever. I care not what position others may take: I have often from this platform and from other platforms in this city declared that I believe in violence, and I have no reason to retract that statement now. I cannot answer for others, I can speak only for myself: as for me, I am for violence. Not only defensive violence, but offensive violence. I don't believe in waiting until we are attacked. We have done that too long. It is time for labor to learn to strike the first blow. I don't know, no one knows, probably no one ever will know, just how our comrades met their death; but I like to suppose, and I am not afraid of facing the possibility, I am not afraid of proclaiming the probability that our comrades met their death while preparing to strike a blow of terror at the heart of the enemy. And if they did, I honor them for it; I honor their intelligence, I honor their initiative, I honor their courage.

We are not here to make heroes and martyrs of our lost comrades. It is not necessary for us to make of them heroes and martyrs. Their lives made them heroes, and their deaths have made them martyrs. When free

speech is suppressed, when the efforts of workers to organize are met with force, when hungry men are denied food, and clubbed and shot and jailed for seeking it, when the workers are denied by government—which is a synonym of violence—every possibility of agitation, of organization, of education to overthrow a government and a society based on violence, then there is but one logical recourse. As one of the great revolutionists of this country, one of our comrades martyred 27 years ago, Louis Lingg, defiantly said when sentenced to death: "If you attack us with cannon, we will attack you with dynamite."

They have guns, they have cannon, they have soldiers, they have discipline, they have armies—and we have dynamite. To oppression, to exploitation, to tyranny, to jails, clubs, guns, armies and navies, there is but one reply: dynamite!

Emma Goldman's Telegram.

During the course of the afternoon a telegram was received from San Francisco from Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman. It read as follows:

> "Our deepest sympathy with all oppressed of the world, of whom our dead comrades were the conscious and brave spokesmen. We honor the memory of our dead comrades, the victims of the capitalist system and the martyrs of labor."
>
> EMMA GOLDMAN,
> DR. BEN REITMAN.

The meeting was adjourned about five o'clock with cheers for Caron, Berg and Hanson, for Anarchism and for the Social Revolution.

The Viewing of the Urn.

On July 12th, the Sunday following the demonstration, a crude urn of stern design, containing the ashes of Caron, Berg and Hanson, was shown to sympathizers and to the public in the garden back of the offices of the Mother Earth Publishing Associa-

tion. The urn was made by Adolf Wolff, and carries the simple inscription:

KILLED
July 4, 1914
CARON
HANSON
BERG

Several thousand persons visited the Anarchist headquarters, and after being admitted through the basement entrance under the stoop, filed through the editorial offices and a narrow hall-way, which opened into the garden, where a small red and black draped stand had been erected, upon which the urn reposed. The fence surrounding the garden was draped with the banners and hung with the inscriptions that had been used at the demonstration in Union Square. Crimson blossoms and wreaths filled out the picture.

The urn is in the shape of a pyramid, with a clenched fist rising over the apex. Its creator was present in person on July 12th to explain to visitors the symbolism of the design. "It conveys," he said, "three meanings. By the pyramid is indicated the present unjust gradation of society into classes, with the masses on the bottom and the privileged classes towering above them to the apex, where the clenched fist, symbolical of the social revolution, indicates the impending vengeance of those free spirits who refuse to be bound by the present social system and rise above it, threatening its destruction. The urn further symbolizes the strength and endurance of the revolution, having its foundation in so solid a base. A third suggestion is that of a mountain in course of eruption, the crude, misshapen, stern fist indicating the lava of human indignation which is about to belch forth and carry destruction to the volcano which has given it birth."

So much enthusiasm was aroused among those who viewed the urn that plans were discussed for reproducing the design on a gigantic scale. Wolff propounded the idea of a mausoleum in which should repose the ashes of those who die in the war for liberty. While this immense idea is being thought out, the actual urn containing the ashes of Caron, Berg and Hanson is be-

ing cast in bronze. Replicas of the urn, in small size, are being made, and will soon be purchasable at a small price.

CHARLES BERG

CHARLES BERG, also known among the revolutionists of Russia as Peter Fischer, was born December 10th, 1891, in Angern, Kurland. His father was a wealthy shipowner and was able to give his son an education. After three years in the *Realschule,* young Charles was transferred to a navigation school. His career promised to be successful. But at the end of his last school year, there broke out a strike of the pupils, and Charles, one of the most active rebels, was expelled.

After leaving the school in 1904, Charles—now 13 years old—started to work on one of his father's ships. In the beginning he was in the commissary department, but his father soon discovered that Charles was more concerned with the needs of the employees than about his father's storeroom. He was punished by being transferred to another position.

In the summer of 1905, on the eve of the Russian Revolution, Charles joined the ranks of the revolutionists. During the spring and the early part of the summer, Young Berg was very active in revolutionary propaganda, using especially religious services to spread the new gospel.

Later, in 1905, during the month of November, Charles participated in the armed uprising at Tukkum, where, after a battle of seven days, the revolutionists were forced to retreat. Then he became a member of the renowned "fighting squad" of the Baltic region, and that winter he joined the "Brothers of the Woods."

In 1906 he left the continent, but continued nevertheless his revolutionary activities by helping to transport guns and ammunition across the Russian border. For several years succeeding he worked on ships, crossing the ocean on many occasions, and finally coming to New York in 1911, where he soon joined the Lettish Anarchist Group, which published Anarchist literature. When a

number of Lettish comrades organized a Lettish Anarchist Red Cross in December, 1913, Berg was one of its first members.

When the Unemployed movement was at its height, he joined its conferences, and was elected a member of the Committee of Ten, and later Assistant Treasurer. On May 30th he was arrested in Tarrytown with twelve other comrades, all being held to await trial. He was also among the group of men and women who went to Tarrytown on June 22nd to continue the fight for Free Speech.

Charles Berg was a quiet, reserved man who made the impression of a distinct and strong personality.

CARL HANSON

CARL HANSON'S childhood was much the same as that of his comrade and close chum, Charles Berg. As a nine-year-old boy his rebellious nature began to assert itself. He decided that the school hours could be scheduled to better advantage. Together with other pupils he worked out a plan, secured the signatures of the whole class, and presented it to their teacher.

When fifteen years old, he left school and started work in a machine shop. Six months later the machinists' helpers declared a strike, and Carl was the only one on his floor to join the strikers. He was made to pay for his rebellious activities by being discharged.

His next job was in the silk mills, but soon he again lost his job as the result of another strike. Later on he went to sea and met Charles Berg in Hamburg. They became close friends and made several trips together.

Since the winter of 1913 Hanson worked on the new Long Island Bridge, where he was twice discharged because of his activities in the Anti-Militarist League and for distributing Anarchistic circulars to his fellow workingmen.

Being well acquainted with the hard struggle of a worker's life, Carl Hanson was always willing to share with his comrades. After the brutality of the police at Union Square, April 4th, Carl invited Caron to stay with him. The same invitation was extended to Berg, and after the Tarrytown meeting another boy, named Murphy,

shared their quarters. Hanson's last work was participating in the Tarrytown meetings.

Sincere, of a retiring disposition, young Carl Hanson was the type always eager to do the most humble task in behalf of the Cause.

LOUISE BERGER.

THE FIGHT IN TARRYTOWN AND ITS TRAGIC OUTCOME

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT

THE fight for free speech in Tarrytown, Rockefeller's home town, is already historic. Its story has been carried, in pictures and in print, to the ends of the world. There are very few people in this country who do not know something of Arthur Caron, the young workingman who went to Tarrytown to denounce the world's richest man for his criminal acquiescence in the massacre of striking miners in Colorado. There are very few who do not know how Caron and a group of his comrades were arrested for trying to assert, in Tarrytown, the right of free speech guaranteed to them by the American Constitution. There are very few who do not know how Caron and his room-mates, Berg and Hanson, perished in a dynamite explosion in New York on July 4th. The entire story takes hold of the imagination with undeniable intensity. It has involved people of every nationality, every class and every type. It has illustrated, as few other incidents in recent years have been able to do, the terrible conflict between the old and the new. It has illuminated, as by a lightning flash, the tumultuous outburst of a new hope that has striven to overcome the repressive force of ancient wrong and has fallen back torn and bleeding.

In last month's MOTHER EARTH I covered the history of the fight in Tarrytown from the time of the first arrests on May 30th to the release on bail of twelve prisoners on June 8th. The trial of the prisoners was postponed, by request of their counsel, Justus Sheffield, first, to June 12th, then to July 1st, and, later, to July 20th. The number of the prisoners has been reduced from

fifteen to eleven. Caron and Berg have passed beyond the jurisdiction of the Tarrytown authorities. They will not be troubled again by judges or police. U. de Rosa is serving his three months' sentence on Hart's Island. Dave Sullivan served thirty days on the same island, and came out on July 1st. Jack Butler showed the white feather, and was released from the White Plains jail on June 4th, on a promise of good behavior for six months.

Taking up the record of events where it ended in these pages last month: On the evening of June 8th, Upton Sinclair, the novelist and Socialist, George Hiram Mann, attorney of the Live and Let Live League, Theodore Schroeder, attorney of the Free Speech League, and I as the head of the Free Speech League, met the village president and trustees of Tarrytown by invitation, and entered into a three-hour discussion with them regarding free speech. Sinclair told of the free-speech fight in Spokane, Washington; and remarked that "some months after the men were clubbed and jailed, the Chief of Police, while sitting at home, was shot and killed by a mysterious assassin who has not been located to this day." He told of many other killings of judges and officials that had occurred in free-speech fights. "That is what happens when you bottle men up," he insisted. "I speak to you earnestly," he continued, "because our country is imperiled as it has never been before by the forces that work against the poor man's rights. I fear you do not comprehend the danger of abridging the rights of free speech." Sinclair said he had explained the Tarrytown situation to Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic, then on a visit to this country, who had expressed his utter consternation that such a thing could happen in America. Brandes wrote the following letter which Sinclair presented to the trustees:

To the Trustees of Tarrytown: I have visited your land of liberty and seen your beautiful statue in the haven of New York. I hope that in this crisis your action will be such as not to injure the reputation of your country as the "sweet land of liberty." Freedom of speech seems to me to be one of the most precious rights of humanity. I must ask your pardon that I, a stranger, dare to meddle in your affairs.

Sincerely yours,

GEORG BRANDES.

New York, June 8, 1914.

Nothing definite came of the evening's discussion. Village President Pierson persisted in his refusal to grant a permit for an outdoor meeting, using, now, the argument that the streets of Tarrytown belonged to the abutting property owners and were only subject to traffic control by the trustees.

On June 10th, another conference was held with the village president and trustees. At this conference several of the trustees objected to Tarrytown being branded as "John D. Rockefeller's town." Mr. Rockefeller, they said, lived in North Tarrytown, not in Tarrytown proper, and they held no brief for him. Upton Sinclair made a very neat retort to this objection by citing an editorial appearing in the Tarrytown *News* that very evening, in which Rockefeller was defended on the ground that he was giving employment to hundreds of men. "He has a payroll of $30,000 a month," the *News* said, "and if it was not for work on his estate, times would be much harder than they are." After further hours of argument, several of the village trustees showed a disposition to compromise. Mr. Pierson said that he believed in "fair play," and that he was willing to hire a hall at which the free-speech argument could be presented to the people as it had been presented to the village council. Later, however, when he tried to hire a hall, he found all the halls of the village closed to him. A movement was even started by his fellow-townsmen to depose him from the presidency of the village because of the liberal attitude he had taken.

On June 12th, Mrs. Charles J. Gould, a wealthy society woman of Tarrytown, offered the open-air theatre on her estate overlooking the Hudson River to Upton Sinclair and the Free Speech League. A meeting was held there on Sunday afternoon, June 13th. Sinclair presented once more the case for free speech, and at the conclusion of his address engaged in a colloquy with President Pierson, who had come to the meeting with some of the village trustees. Mr. Pierson, again, showed himself ready to listen to argument, but the only solution of the free-speech difficulty that he could suggest was that the Free Speech League should make application in the courts for a "mandamus" compelling him and the

trustees to grant a permit for a meeting. Adolf Wolff, the poet and sculptor, was present and vigorously opposed any plan that involved a recourse to the courts. "The courts are rotten," he cried; and he cited in support of his statement the convictions of the Chicago Anarchists in 1886, and of Patrick Quinlan in Paterson, New Jersey, a few weeks ago.

Three days later, Sinclair went to Tarrytown and swore out warrants for the arrest of the editors of the Tarrytown *News* and the Tarrytown *Press-Record,* alleging that statements they had made about him were libelous. The statements of which he rightly complained were to the effect that his home in New Jersey had been raided by the police as a free-love center.

On Sunday, June 21st, Sinclair held a second rally in Mrs. Gould's open-air theatre. He was supported by John Brown, organizer and leader of the striking miners in Colorado. Brown, who is a Socialist, made an impressive speech. "If the Federal troops continue to be used as strikebreakers as they are in Colorado now," he said, "there will be a revolution all over the country." He went on to declare that social conditions in America now are the worst since the Civil War. "Between 600,000 and 700,000 men of the United Mine Workers will go out on a strike all over the country if they have to," he said. Then he attacked Rockefeller. "We must establish the principle," he asserted, "that a capitalist is guilty of murder if he hires gunmen to go out and kill people to increase his dividends." During the course of the meeting, a group of laborers from Rockefeller's estate arrived. They were escorted to seats by Mrs. Gould in person. They heartily applauded the sentiments expressed, and at the end joined in a vote that "it was the sense of the meeting that President Wilson should seize the mines in Colorado as the only way of averting civil war." Sinclair sent this telegram to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.:

"A public meeting was held in your village this afternoon to discuss the Colorado situation. It was attended by about 500 people. A resolution was proposed declaring that the crimes committed by the coal operators were such as to prove them unfit to hold the responsibility of

operating mines and to justify the President in seizing and operating them for the public benefit. This resolution was carried without a dissenting vote. This episode is called to your attention and proves what the people of your village think of the course you have taken in this matter."

At the close of the meeting, Sinclair declared that he was "through with Tarrytown" and that he intended to return to the literary work that he had abandoned to take up the fight. But the members of the group who had already borne the brunt of the Tarrytown struggle were only awaiting the right moment to get into action once more. On Monday evening, June 22nd, after suitable preparations had been made, a company of forty, wearing red free-speech buttons, and including most of those originally arrested, went to Tarrytown and tried to speak on neutral ground connected with the Croton Aqueduct and belonging to the City of New York. That night, the Wild Beast of Reaction held full sway. A crowd of at least 1,000 villagers assailed our comrades. Rebecca Edelsohn stood up against the onslaughts of the mob for nearly an hour. She, and all the visiting party were pelted with stones and filth. Berkman was a target for rotten eggs. Caron, when he attempted to speak, received a stone full in the mouth. The red blood flowed so profusely that he could not stanch it, but he kept on talking. A banner was lifted carrying the words: "One Fight in Mexico and Colorado. The Slaves are Rising against Rockefeller and His Kind." It fell under the missiles of the crowd. The police of the village did nothing to quell the disorder. When the meeting was adjourned and the visitors tried to return to the railway station, many were bruised, hit and kicked. The aqueduct police, who arrived at the station at 10:30 P. M., contributed their share of vindictiveness and clubbed the men even as they were trying to get on the train.

I witnessed all that happened, and on my return to the city I wrote a long letter to the New York newspapers defending the course taken at Tarrytown and explaining why it had been taken. All of those who suffered in the conflict on that memorable evening must have done some hard thinking. Some cherished thoughts of revenge, and

some may have decided to take revenge. But I knew nothing definitely of any such decision, and when the news of the deaths of Caron, Berg and Hanson reached me in Westfield, New Jersey, nearly two weeks later, it came as a terrible shock. All three had been members of the party that visited Tarrytown on June 22nd. Caron was the one of the three that I knew best. Of him I will only say here that I found in him, during a friendship that began with the start of the Tarrytown campaign, unusual purity and sincerity. The revolutionary movement in America has lost in him one of its most vital and promising figures. Berg and Hanson were separated from me by the barrier of language. I had met them casually at the Ferrer School. I knew them well enough to respect and honor their devotion to the Anarchist cause.

The funeral demonstration held in Union Square on July 11th was something unique in the history of the revolutionary movement in this country. Nothing connected with the tragic fate of the Chicago Anarchists in 1887 can be compared with it. The thousands of mourners and sympathizers standing in the open air, the crimson wreaths, flowers and inscriptions heaped about the platform, the inspiring strains of revolutionary music, the telegram from Emma Goldman from San Francisco, the earnest speeches of Berkman, Miss Edelsohn, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Pietro Allegri, Plunkett, Dave Sullivan, Carlo Tresca and others all helped to create an ensemble that no one present will forget. Many elements participated in this immense demonstration. The Socialists showed some sympathy. The Industrial Workers of the World were represented, though unofficially, by Tresca and Miss Flynn. But Anarchism was the soul of the whole affair, and Anarchism glowed on July 11th in Union Square with a brightness that it has never before attained in this country.

On July 12th, the Sunday following the demonstration, a host of visitors flocked to the rooms of the Mother Earth Publishing Association to see the urn containing the ashes of the dead. It was made by Adolf Wolff, and there was a singular appropriateness in his contribution in view of the fact that he had himself been ar-

rested with O'Carroll and Caron in Union Square on April 4th. The urn is in the shape of a pyramid, with a clenched fist breaking from its apex. The pyramid symbolizes the accumulated wrongs and tyrannies of society; the fist is Revolt. This record cannot close with a more appropriate note than that suggested by Adolf Wolff's design. Caron, Berg and Hanson were the clenched fist of the proletariat, and they died in order that labor might come into a new freedom.

DYNAMITE !

By Charles Robert Plunkett

IT had to come. It was the logical culmination of events. The past five months have witnessed a period of Anarchist activity in New York City unequaled in this country since the stirring days of 1886 in Chicago. Also, and consequently, they have witnessed unexampled police brutality, court persecution, newspaper slander and popular prejudice. The end was inevitable.

It began in the stormy days of February with the Revolt of the Unemployed—well-fed, pharisaical clergymen and their smug, self-righteous congregations rudely awakened from their fatuous dreams of seventeenth-century theology by hordes of hungry men demanding food and shelter—mass-meetings and demonstrations, the greatest ever held in New York, at which thousands of workers listened to and applauded the speeches of avowed Anarchists—the Black Flag of Hunger borne by ragged, starving men through the residential street of the world's industrial potentates—the city stirred, the country aroused, the pillars of capitalist society shaken. Hunger had become articulate, Misery had found its voice! The authorities, deaf to the groans of Starvation, quickly gave ear to the first murmurs of Revolt. One hundred and ninety-two men arrested at once for seeking food; Frank Tanenbaum sentenced to practically two and a half years in jail for declaring that a hungry man has the right to eat; meetings forcibly broken up by the police, workingmen clubbed, arrested and jailed for expressing their opinions,—and they ask if we believe in violence!

Then came the massacre of Ludlow—two hundred men, women and children of the working class shot down or burned alive by the hired butchers of Standard Oil. Again it was the Anarchists who took up the fight of the workers, and brought home the responsibility where it belonged—to the oily murderer who teaches a Bible class on Sunday and roasts alive defenseless women on Monday. "My conscience acquits me," said young Rockefeller. We replaced his conscience; we became his Nemesis. His well-oiled conscience acquitted him; but we, the militant workers, have convicted him and passed judgment from his own Bible—"A life for a life."

Driven from his office at 26 Broadway, from his city home and his pet Sunday School,—the world's most potent monarch was forced to take refuge behind barred gates and armed guards at his Tarrytown estate. Having driven the rat into his hole, we followed him there. We went to Tarrytown. More clubs, more arrests, more jail, more persecution. A dozen men and women thrown into a filthy, stinking jail for speaking on the street, more arrested and clubbed the next day, jail sentences of thirty to ninety days punished the temerity of the rebels who dared invade Rockefeller's home town. Finally, finding his town police, his private guards and special deputies unable to cope with the situation, a hired "mob" was organized, which, inflamed with patriotism, rural bigotry and Rockefeller's whiskey, and gratuitously aided by the New York City authorities, attacked, stoned, and— had not their "Dutch courage" failed them—would have lynched the Anarchist speakers.

After this, the mask was off. Not content with legal violence, the ruling class itself had first appealed to extra-legal violence. None could suppose that the Anarchists would not accept the challenge.

This was the situation on the morning of July 4th. Then came the explosion, startling the country and striking terror into the hearts of the reaction. A large tenement house on Lexington Avenue was destroyed and three well-known Anarchists—Arthur Caron, Charles Berg and Carl Hanson—were killed. The ruin was evidently caused by a large quantity of dynamite exploding in the flat occupied by our comrades. These are the

facts. More than this no one knows, and probably never will know.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the police and the capitalist press immediately assumed that the dynamite was being made into a bomb for use against Rockefeller or in Tarrytown. This was the story flashed over the country, and the moral effect of the explosion was as great as if our comrades had succeeded in their purpose, whatever it may have been.

As usual, many of the lip-revolutionists scurried to cover and hastened to "repudiate" violence, Anarchy, the dead men, and everything connected with them. The Anarchists, however, have stood their ground. Although we know nothing of the facts, we do not hesitate to admit the possibility, nor fear to face the accusation that our comrades met their death in an attempt to retaliate upon the violence of the ruling classes in the only possible way—with violence.

If they did, we own them proudly, and we honor them for their intelligence, their initiative, and their courage. They did the only logical thing, the only courageous thing, the only revolutionary thing under the circumstances. When Free Speech is suppressed, when men are jailed for asking food, clubbed for assembling to discuss their grievances, and stoned for expressing their opinions, there is but one recourse—violence. The ruling class has guns, bullets, bayonets, police, jails, militia, armies and navies. To oppose all this the worker has only—dynamite.

All honor to the men who acted, while others talked. All honor to the men who were preparing to strike a blow of terror into the hearts of the enemy. They are dead—the last in the long list of martyrs to the cause of human liberty—but there are hundreds and thousands still alive who, inspired by their act, will follow their example—with better success.

Off with the mask! This is war. Violence can be met only with violence. "If they attack us with cannon, we will attack them with dynamite"—and, whenever possible, let us attack first. To oppression, to exploitation, to persecution, to police, jails, militia, armies and navies, there is but one answer—DYNAMITE!

A GAUGE OF CHANGE

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

NOT since the Haymarket affair of 1886 has any Anarchist event aroused this country as did the Lexington explosion.

The Haymarket bomb was followed by a terrible wave of the mob spirit: no Anarchist was safe from the blind fury of the murderous law-and-order hordes, in and out of uniform.

What a difference after the Lexington Avenue explosion! The Anarchists boldly hail the victims of the tragedy as comrades and martyrs, and an audience of twenty thousand pays respect to our dead and applauds our utterances.

Nor does it make any difference in what manner Comrades Caron, Berg and Hanson met their tragic death, or what the true explanation of the explosion in their flat. I have publicly said in Union Square that I hoped that our comrades were not the victims of the enemy's conspiracy, but that they had planned to employ dynamite either in revenge for wrongs suffered or in the defense of the rights of themselves and their fellow-workers, of labor at large. And the monster mass-meeting enthusiastically echoed my expressed hope.

What a wonderful change in public sentiment!

Do you still ask me what the Anarchists have accomplished in the last quarter of a century? Just this: They have taught the people that violence is justified, aye, necessary in the defensive and offensive struggle of labor against capital. They have freed the public mind, to a remarkable extent, from the superstition of bourgeois morality, as is evident from the Union Square demonstration and from the numerous expressions of sympathy and encouragement we are receiving from heretofore indifferent if not unsympathetic sources. They have taught the country that there is a class war, a war to the knife between labor and capital, and that all and every means are justified in the defense and offense of labor against its Ludlow masters. Nay, more: they forced the beast of law to draw back its claws at the sight of the bold frankness and determined attitude of its intended

prey. The enemy has been taught to respect the power of our ideal backed by the willingness and determination to fight—to fight to the death, if need be, with the minority weapon more effective in the hands of an individual than is a whole company of hired thugs.

Never before have we witnessed in this country a similar situation. Times have indeed changed! Let us be frank about it. The struggle of labor against capital, the war of the new against the old, will terminate quicker, more humanely in the long run, by facing the issue squarely. Power, strength—that alone counts in this war. The power of the economic solidarity of labor will ultimately knock the last master off the back of the last slave, and meanwhile—while labor gathers this power, its success will be hastened, its courage strengthened by tempering oppression with dynamite.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Report of funeral receipts and expenditures will appear in the next issue.

THE PANTHEON OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

THE demonstration of sympathy and interest aroused by the tragic end of our Comrades Caron, Hanson and Berg, who have taken such an active part in the condemnation of the Rockefeller outrages in the Colorado mining fields, and in the Tarrytown Free Speech fight, has given birth to a project which will unquestionably meet with enthusiastic co-operation of all Anarchists and other revolutionists throughout the world, and especially those living in this country.

The project is to erect a Pantheon of the Social Revolution where the ashes of all those who have lived and died for the cause of human emancipation will find a fitting resting place.

The edifice is to be in the form of a pyramid surmounted by a clenched fist, modeled after the urn which the sculptor, Adolf Wolff, has made to receive the ashes of Caron, Hanson and Berg. This monument would be most impressive and expressive in its dignified, bold simplicity and striking originality; a fitting symbol of the determined and indomitable spirit of the social revolutionary movement.

An appeal is made to all to co-operate with us in making an early realization of this most worth-while idea possible.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PANTHEON COMMITTEE.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

STATEMENT

50 Cathedral Parkway, New York City.
July 10, 1914.

Editor:

Dear Comrade—Our activities in connection with the Colorado protest, the so-called "Free Silence" movement, having come to a close, we have a brief statement to make. Any movement which attempts to further the radical cause, and which makes a public appeal for funds, owes it to make a public accounting. In this case we did not contemplate making any, for the simple reason that the sums to be accounted for were so small. But a report having come to us that some persons believe that

we received "a lot of money" for the agitation—"one single contribution for as much as one thousand dollars" —we have to ask the editors of radical papers for space for a statement. There were received contributions as follows:

From Mrs. F. K. (N. Y.).....$10
From D. G. M. (B'klyn)..... 1
From E. F. (N. Y.)..... 1
From G. T. L. (N. Y.)..... 1
From Anonymous 1
From J. R. W. (Denver), contribution to the cost of petition to the President..... 20

In addition to the above small sums were pledged, but never paid. The total expenditures amounted to something over one thousand dollars.

Fraternally,
UPTON SINCLAIR,
MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR.

FRANK SHAY,
Secretary,
Colorado Protest Committee.

ANARCHISM: COMMUNIST OR INDIVIDUALIST?—BOTH

BY MAX NETLAU.

ANARCHISM is no longer young, and it may be time to ask ourselves why, with all the energy devoted to its propaganda, it does not spread more rapidly. For even where local activity is strongest, the results are limited, whilst immense spheres are as yet hardly touched by any propaganda at all. In discussing this question, I will not deal with the problem of Syndicalism, which, by absorbing so much of Anarchist activity and sympathies, cannot by that very fact be considered to advance the cause of Anarchism proper, whatever its other merits may be. I will also try not to repeat what I put forward in other articles in years gone by as possible means of increasing the activity of Anarchists. As my advice

was not heeded, it cannot, in any case, be considered to have hampered the progress of our ideas.

I will consider the theories of Anarchism only; and here I have been struck for a long time by the contrast between the largeness of the aims of Anarchism—the greatest possible realization of freedom and well-being for all—and the narrowness, so to speak, of the economic program of Anarchism, be it Individualist or Communist. I am inclined to think that the feeling of the inadequacy of this economic basis—exclusive Communism or exclusive Individualism, according to the school—hinders people from acquiring practical confidence in Anarchism, the general aims of which appeal as a beautiful ideal to many. I feel myself that neither Communism nor Individualism, if it became the sole economic form, would realize freedom, which always demands a choice of ways, a plurality of possibilities. I know that Communists, when asked pointedly, will say that they should have no objection to Individualists who wished to live in their own way without creating new monopolies or authority, and *vice versa*. But this is seldom said in a really open and friendly way; both sections are far too much convinced that freedom is only possible if *their* particular scheme is carried out. I quite admit that there are Communists and Individualists to whom their respective doctrines, and these alone, give complete satisfaction and leave no problem unsolved (in their opinion); these would not be interfered with, in any case, in their lifelong constancy to *one* economic ideal. But they must not imagine that all people are constituted after their model and likely to come round to their views or remain "unreclaimed" adversaries on whom no sympathy is to be wasted. Let them but look on real life, which is bearable at all only by being varied and differentiated, in spite of all official uniformity. We all see the survivals of earlier Communism, the manifold workings of present-day solidarity, from which new forms of future Communism may develop—all this in the teeth of the cut-throat capitalist Individualism which predominates. But this miserable bourgeois Individualism, if it created a desire for solidarity, leading to Communism, certainly also created a desire for a

genuine, free, unselfish Individualism, where freedom of action would no longer be misused to crush the weaker and to form monopolies, as to-day.

Neither Communism nor Individualism will ever disappear; and if by some mass action the foundations of some rough form of Communism were laid, Individualism would grow stronger than ever in opposition to this. Whenever a uniform system prevails, Anarchists, if they have their ideas at heart, will go ahead of it and never permit themselves to become fossilised upholders of a given system, be it that of the purest Communism.

Will they, then, be always dissatisfied, always struggling, never enjoying rest? They might feel at ease in a state of society where all economic possibilities had full scope, and then their energy might be applied to peaceful emulation and no longer to continuous struggle and demolition. This desirable state of things could be prepared from now, if it were once for all frankly understood among Anarchists that both Communism and Individualism are equally important, equally permanent; and that the exclusive predominance of either of them would be the greatest misfortune that could befall mankind. From isolation we take refuge in solidarity, from too much society we seek relief in isolation: both solidarity and isolation are, each at the right moment, freedom and help to us. All human life vibrates between these two poles in endless varieties of oscillations.

Let me imagine myself for a moment living in a free society. I should certainly have different occupations, manual and mental, requiring strength or skill. It would be very monotonous if the three or four groups with whom I would work (for I hope there will be no Syndicates then!) would be organized on exactly the same lines; I rather think that different degrees or forms of Communism will prevail in them. But might I not become tired of this, and wish for a spell of relative isolation, of Individualism? So I might turn to one of the many possible forms of "equal exchange" Individualism. Perhaps people will do one thing when they are young and another thing when they grow older. Those who

are but indifferent workers may continue with their groups; those who are efficient will lose patience at always working with beginners and will go ahead by themselves, unless a very altruist disposition makes it a pleasure to them to act as teachers or advisers to younger people. I also think that at the beginning I should adopt Communism with friends and Individualism with strangers, and shape my future life according to experience. Thus, a free and easy change from one variety of Communism to another, thence to any variety of Individualism, and so on, would be the most obvious and elementary thing in a really free society; and if any group of people tried to check this, to make one system predominant, they would be as bitterly fought as revolutionists fight the present system.

Why, then, was Anarchism cut up into the two hostile sections of Communists and Individualists? I believe the ordinary factor of human shortcomings, from which nobody is exempt, accounts for this. It is quite natural that Communism should appeal more to some, Individualism to others. So each section would work out their economic hypothesis with full ardour and conviction, and by-and-by, strengthened in their belief by opposition, consider it the *only* solution, and remain faithful to it in the face of all. Hence the Individualist theories for about a century, the Collectivist and Communist theories for about fifty years, acquired a degree of settledness, certitude, apparent permanency, which they never ought to have assumed, for stagnation—this is the word—is the death of progress. Hardly any effort was made in favor of dropping the differences of schools; thus both had full freedom to grow, to become generalized, if they could. With what result?

Neither of them could vanquish the other. Wherever Communists are, Individualists will originate from their very midst; whilst no Individualist wave can overthrow the Communist strongholds. Whilst here aversion or enmity exists between people who are so near each other, we see Communist Anarchism almost effacing itself before Syndicalism, no longer scorning compromise by accepting more or less the Syndicalist solution as an inevitable stepping-stone. On the other hand, we see

Individualists almost relapse into bourgeois fallacies —all this at a time when the misdeeds of authority, the growth of State encroachments, present a better occasion and a wider field than ever for real and outspoken Anarchist propaganda.

It has come to this, that at the French Communist Anarchist Congress held in Paris last year Individualism was regularly stigmatised and placed outside the pale of Anarchism by a formal resolution. If ever an international Anarchist Congress was held on these lines, endorsing a similar attitude, I should say good-bye to all hopes placed in this kind of sectarian Anarchism.

By this I intend neither to defend nor to combat Communism or Individualism. Personally, I see much good in Communism; but the idea of seeing it generalized makes me protest. I should not like to pledge my own future beforehand, much less that of anybody else. The question remains entirely open for me; experience will show which of the extreme and of the many intermediate possibilities will be the best on each occasion, at each time. Anarchism is too dear to me that I should care to see it tied to an economic hypothesis, however plausible it may look to-day. Unique solutions will never do, and whilst everybody is free to believe in and to propagate his own cherished ideas, he ought not to feel it right to spread them except in the form of the merest hypothesis, and every one knows that the literature of Communist and Individualist Anarchism is far from keeping within these limits; we have all sinned in this respect.

In the above I have used the terms "Communist" and "Individualist" in a general way, wishing to show the useless and disastrous character of sectional exclusiveness among Anarchists. If any Individualists have said or done absurd things (are Communists impeccable?), to show these up would not mean to refute me. All I want is to see all those who revolt against authority work on lines of general solidarity instead of being divided into little chapels because each one is convinced he possesses a correct *economic* solution of the social problem. To fight authority in the capitalist system and in the coming system of State Socialism, or Syndicalism, or of

both, or all the three combined, an immense wave of real Anarchist feeling is wanted, before ever the question of economic remedies comes in. Only recognize this, and a large sphere of solidarity will be created, which will make Communist Anarchism stand stronger and shine brighter before the world than it does now.

* * *

P. S.—Since writing the above I have found an early French Anarchist pamphlet, from which I translate the following:

"Thus, those who feel so inclined will unite for common life, duties, and work, whilst those to whom the slightest act of submission would give umbrage will remain individually independent. The real principle [of Anarchism] is this far from demanding integral Communism. But it is evident that for the benefit of certain kinds of work many producers will unite, enjoying the advantages of co-operation. But I say once more, Communism will never be a fundamental [meaning unique and obligatory] principle, on account of the diversity of our intellectual faculties, of our needs, and of our will."

This quotation (the words in brackets are mine) is taken from p. 72 of what may be one of the scarcest Anarchist publications, on which my eye lit on a bookstall ten days after writing the above article: "Philosophie de l'Insoumission ou Pardon à Cain," par Félix P. (New York, 1854, iv. 74 pp., 12mo)—that is, "Philosophy of Non-Submission," the author's term for Anarchy. I do not know who Félix P..... was; apparently one of the few French Socialists, like Déjacque, Bellegarrigue, Cœurderoy, and Claude Pelletier, whom the lessons of 1848 and other experiences caused to make a bold step forward and arrive at Anarchism by various ways and independent of Proudhon. In the passage quoted he put things into a nutshell, leaving an even balance between the claims of Communism and Individualism. This is exactly what I feel in 1914, sixty years after. The personal predilections of everbody would remain unchanged and unhurt, but exclusivism would be banished, the two vital principles of life allied instead of looking askance at each other.

Authority and ordinary selfishness are far too powerful and common enemies to all of us that we can afford to waste energy on internal struggles which, by establishing dogmatism, would sap the very roots of Anarchism.

TO OUR FRIENDS

San Francisco, California, July 2, 1914.

MUCH to my regret, I have to disappoint our readers this month, as it is quite impossible for me to write about our lectures, and the activities of our many friends in Los Angeles and San Francisco. I hope to be able to have a long article in the August number.

We close in San Francisco in a few days. Will be in Portland from July 19th to 26th. All information about my lectures there can be obtained from Pauline Cantor, No. 205 Grant Street. The week, or possibly longer, from July 26th to August 3d, we expect to have meetings in Seattle, Washington; and about August 10th we will visit Butte, Montana, and all of our friends there.

Letters in the various above-mentioned cities will reach me General Delivery.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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(Signed) ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Editor.

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